

on the subject of shortbread, no one is more qualified to speak than the Scotch and English folk.

"But, good as was the old-fashioned kind," remarked our hostess, "it was so extremely rich that the heavy taste lingered long after eating."

"Well," said Betsey, "there's nothing so good as the National Biscuit Company's shortbread."

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DEER SEASON SHORT

But Either Buck or Doe May Be Killed

Vermont's deer season opens December 1 and continues for six days the shortest deer season ever authorized by the state with the exception of years when there was a closed season entirely. State Fish and Game Commissioner Linus Leavens of Montpelier has sent out the cards to the deputies and others appointed by the county wardens to whom deer may be reported, the same system as was employed last year being used in obtaining statistics on the animals killed.

The amount of the deer slaughtered during the short five days' season during the first week in December will depend largely on the weather and condition of the ground. If the ground is bare they will be less. No doubt some of the present snow will remain on the ground on the northern slopes but is apt to disappear on the slopes having a southern exposure. Fresh snow meanwhile will help the hunters and be disastrous to the deer, as it will tend to yard them.

There is an erroneous impression in some circles that both a buck and a doe can be shot by the same person this year during the open deer season in Vermont. Not more than one deer, either doe or buck, is allowed to any person, and a spotted fawn may be not killed. The law has been changed so that a doe may be killed whereas in the past only the bucks were to be shot. The open season on deer begins the first Monday in December.

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30 and 60¢ jars; hospital size \$2.50.

MUSTEROLE
WILL NOT BLISTER

ember, which happens to be the first day of the month, and continues until Saturday afternoon at five o'clock. The shooting must be done between six o'clock in the morning and five in the afternoon.

The High Cost of Loving

By SAIDEE ESTELLE COBB

(Copyright, 1919, by the Western Newspaper Union.)

"What's the answer?" challenged Bob Deane, as he met his friend Earl Foster coming out of a pawn shop.

The questioner was naturally amazed, for Foster was the heir presumptive of John Baird, a very wealthy man who was more than liberal with the only living relative he seemed to care for.

"Oh, I was just getting rid of some superfluous gewgaws," declared Earl lightly.

"High cost of living?" corrected Earl, with a slight laugh. "Of course you know who that harks back to."

"Miss Rhoda Foster, of course."

"You have it right, Bob. Mind you, I am not charging that sweetest of earth's sweet creatures with encouraging any extravagance on my part, but that self-centered uncle of mine has allowed me the choice of giving up Rhoda or his fortune."

"With the result?"

"That I am going to work out my destiny along new lines. I, of course, took a manly, independent course and I hope Rhoda will sustain me in it. I thanked Uncle John for all his past consideration, walked out of the house and have just financed myself for an initial struggle with the cold, hard world."

"But Rhoda?"

"I have written her that when I can prove to myself that I can earn my own living, we shall resume our engagement. I hope and believe she will be true blue."

"So much so," replied Deane, with a spice of indignation, "that if you leave her without saying what you have written it looks like the basest desertion."

But Earl had his own ideas, and disdained counsel. He swelled up rather proudly as he remarked:

"I've borrowed enough to give me a farm outfit, and it's overalls and early rising from now on. Fortunately I met an old farmer, Rufus Dayton of Warrenton. He offers me a kind of managerial position on his farm. I leave tonight for the rustic grind and I mean to make a success of it."

Which Earl seemed to have done by the end of a month. If he missed the elegant leisure of luxury he gave no sign of it. He made friends with everybody about the place. He became interested in farming as a science, and sat up in his room nights and pored over books dealing with intensive methods of cultivation and the like.

It was well onto the second month of his apprenticeship when one evening, as he chanced to look up from the book he was perusing, through the open window about 50 feet away, half screened by some shrubbery, he made out an unfamiliar figure. He discerned that it was that of a woman, judging from her garb, and although he could not distinguish the features he was sure that her eyes were fixed upon the lighted room in which he sat. The figure vanished and he thought no more of it until two evenings later, when the same appearance was manifested.

For fully half an hour Earl lingered in his cover. He was about to abandon his vigil when the swift of light garments swept the grass and a graceful, girlish form stood silhouetted against the streaming light from the window. Its pose was that of a person closely observing a certain point of interest, his room. Thither the fixed glance of the intruder was vividly fixed, there could be no mistake as to that, and Earl marvelled, crept nearer, suddenly reached out and pinioned the two arms of the mysterious visitor from behind, with the sharp challenge:

"What are you doing here?"

There was a fluttering feminine shriek as the intruder faced about. Earl's hands fell to his side, he fairly recoiled with amazement.

"Rhoda!" he cried.

"Oh, Earl, I had to do it!" wailed the loved one. "I have not seen you for weeks," and then as she tottered he steadied her in his arms, and kept her there. She was sobbing hysterically, but she clung to him in a fervor of joy.

"I have just spoiled all," whimpered Rhoda, "and Uncle John will scold me terribly because both of us were to come to the farm tomorrow and explain."

"Uncle John, explain," uttered the bewildered Earl.

"Yes," spoke Rhoda, "you see, we have been staying at the Walden place for a week. Uncle John came to me as soon as you went away and told me how to try you out. He was going to pretend you must give me up. Then, if you still insisted you would never cease to love me, that would prove you was worth having for a husband, and if you went to work it would show you was the right sort. And he is so delighted at the splendid way you have made good, and I am so proud of you that, if it pleases you, he will buy us the best farm in the district."

"A pair of merciless plotters," railed Earl. "How dare you look me in the face after such a confession!"

"I won't," answered Rhoda meekly, and nestled her pretty head close upon Earl's shoulder.

"Got His Receipt."

Humorous incidents in connection with the war are not yet exhausted, and Ian Hay gives this one in his latest book, "The Last Million," in connection with the capture of a village from the Germans. A detachment of infantry arrived at the village only to find that a tank had beaten them by four minutes in the race to the market square. The usual young officer was in charge, and when the major came along he handed the village over to his superior officer, and then shyly asked for something to show. "Just to show, sir, that we were here first." The major thought he could fix that, and solemnly wrote out a receipt: "Received from the officer commanding British tank Ring Roy one village, in poor condition."

Right Spirit.

"Mr. Garboin spent thousands of dollars on his daughter's education. She attended some of the most expensive schools in America and Europe. She was taught to sing, to paint, to play various musical instruments and to speak three or four languages."

"Fine."

"But let me tell you how shamefully she repaid her father's tender care. She came back home and married his chauffeur!"

"Splendid! A girl with her wealth and accomplishments might have married a broken-down duke."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

LOST—Black and tan female Airedale dog. Finder please notify Harold Dean, 141 3/4 St. 561

LOST—Erik's tooth watch fob. Finder please return to Motue's Market and receive suitable reward. 561

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MISCELLANEOUS

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FOR SALE—Desirable house and three acres of land, barn, henry, garage, cement cellar, good water. Also other desirable property, including farms. Inquire of H. N. Williams, 319 Elm St., tel. 135-W. 561

FOR SALE—A well located two story, frame, slate roofed, two family house in the very best of condition. Each tenement has bath, toilet, gas and electric lights. House rents for \$10 per month. A reasonable portion of the purchase price can remain on mortgage if desired. Charles N. Powers, Savings Bank building. 461

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WANTED—To rent a small barn, address N. Y. Z. Box 410, Bennington, Vt. 561

WANTED—Will pay \$20 per week of 48 hours to any young man competent to run two or three flat rib machines. Call 27-J. 561

WANTED—Plumber. None but first class need apply. William Fontenau. 561

WANTED—By young couple, small apartment for light housekeeping, furnished or unfurnished. Tel. 62-O or call at 218 Washington St. 561

WANTED—To rent, three furnished rooms in good locality. Address E. M. Box 440, Bennington. 561

WANTED—Position as bookkeeper, 3 years experience, references. Address P. O. Box 416. 561

WANTED—At once, teacher for district and for graded school. Reply fully, stating training and experience. Supt. Schools, Manchester, Vt. 561

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WANTED—Capable machinists at the Edw. L. Sibley Mfg. Co., Bennington, Vt. 761

WANTED—Dry Cord Wood. Henry M. Little Co. Phone 48. 561

WANTED—Census Clerks, men, women, 4000 needed. \$35 monthly. Age, 15-45. Experience unnecessary. Examinations Bennington, Dec. 10, Jan. 7. For free particulars, write Raymond Terry, former Government Examiner, 129 Continental Bldg., Washington. 561

WANTED—Power machine operators. Knitting underwear mill. Rhode Island. Wilcox and Gibbs platelock and finishing. McCooligan, Newry, Singer and Union Special machines. Also cutters. 48 hour week, good wages, excellent working conditions. Apply or write F. Remington, care of Crown Hotel, Providence, R. I. 561

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